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THE

SHEPHERD'S FAMILY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

Karl GUSTAV NIERITZ.

BY

MARY E. IRELAND.

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1894.

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1894.

12-34603

PRINTED BY
WHITTET & SHEPPERSON,
RICHMOND, VA.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAMILY.

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THE

SHEPHERD'S FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE MEADOW.

"FLY, Cairo, a sheep is straying from the flock; go, good dog!"

The intelligent animal sprang forward, drove the wanderer back to its place, and, returning, looked into the face of his young master for the word of praise he was sure of receiving.

"Oh, Cairo!" continued the boy, speaking to his dog as to a human being, "the sky is like a grey blanket, and there is frost in the air. I don't mind it so much for myself, nor for you, Cairo, we can bear it; but the poor sheep, I pity them! Our gracious Herr Baron will see that what he saves on dry food will be lost a hundred times over, if the plague gets among the flock from exposure to dampness and cold. And

another trouble is, poor Uncle Raumann will get all the blame, for that is the way with rich people. They are so taken up with hunting and other pleasures, that they forget what orders they give; then, if things go wrong, they put the blame on their hirelings."

Thus spoke Bernard Meyer, an orphan, to whom Hans Raumann gave small wages, but a good home, in return for watching the large herd of sheep belonging to the estate of Baron von Brune. His parents dying when he was an infant, he was adopted by Matthias Meyer, whose cottage was on the edge of the Black Forest in Saxony.

Here he had received the best training in their power to give, for Herr Meyer and his wife were humble Christians, and Bernard was as one of their own children, and he gave them the beloved name of father and mother.

When he had grown to be a healthy, robust boy of eleven, his foster-mother's brother, Hans Raumann, obtained the position of shepherd upon the estate of Baron von Brune, and having no boy of his own old enough to

watch the sheep, he applied to Matthias Meyer for Bernard. The boy had spent a happy childhood with the Meyers, roaming through the great fragrant forest, sailing little boats upon the Schwanenteich—as the pond near their cottage was called—and in winter skating upon its smooth surface. Yet he was willing to go, and was soon as much at home among the kind Raumanns as in the home of his foster-parents.

"I have learned my Bible lesson, dear Cairo," continued he, "and will not be ashamed to appear in my class next Sunday. It would be a shame if I ever failed in my lessons, when I have so much time here in the meadows while watching the sheep, and with no one to talk to but you, who cannot talk back, but only wag your tail to let me know you understand. I know the lesson that the schoolmaster gave me, too; a curious one it is; it might be called a double multiplication table. Two times two times two are *eight;* three times three times three are *twenty-seven;* four times four times four are *sixty-four;* five time five times five are *one hundred and twenty-five.* But stop; I

must have something to eat, for it is nearly five o'clock, and the herd must not be taken in until six, by the Herr Baron's orders. But can I make a fire this damp evening? That's the question. To boil potatoes one must have a fire. Now, Cairo, watch the herd while I get some wood. If one wolf should attack us, we will fight it; if a whole pack comes, there is nothing for us to do but run."

The beautiful shepherd dog appeared to understand his young master. His quick eye detected two of the sheep straying towards spots where the grass seemed more tempting, and he bounded off to drive them back to the herd, putting his head against their woolly sides to push them gently along, but with no hint of using his teeth.

Bernard returned in a few minutes with his arms full of wood gathered in the adjoining forest, and proceeded to build a fire. He took from his sack a bunch of dry straw, and selecting a suitable place, he piled splinters about it, and then the larger pieces of wood. It was the year 1811, and matches had not been invented. Taking steel and flint from his pocket

he struck sparks with them, which ignited some tinder. This he applied to the hay, and soon a bright fire was sparkling and crackling in the frosty air, a bright spot in the dull landscape.

"Now for the potatoes, Cairo," said he to the dog, who was watching the proceedings with interest. Taking a few from his sack he dropped them into a small iron pot. It was but the work of a moment to wash them with clear water from the spring near by, and place the pot containing them and enough water to cover them, over the blazing fire.

"Beautiful potatoes, Cairo," said he, admiringly, "I had to hack into several hills before I could fill my sack, but I don't mind the trouble. See how quietly they lie in the water, but soon the heat will make it bubble about them, and they will find themselves in warm quarters. Don't the fire feel good, Cairo? You can lie down and rest and enjoy the bright blaze."

Before Cairo had a chance to accept the invitation, there was a commotion among the sheep. They were listening, apparently frightened, and Bernard was afraid that a stampede

was about to ensue. Before he could make an effort to quiet them, two animals rushed from the woods, and over the ends of the sticks composing the fire, overturning the pot of potatoes, and pouncing with vicious snarls and howls upon poor Cairo.

"Wolves! Heaven help me!" cried Bernard in terror, for it was growing dusk, and the attack was sudden, while his attention was attracted to the sheep, so he could not for a moment decide what species of animal they were.

Fortunately they were not wolves, but hunting dogs belonging to the Baron, but they fought and bit poor Cairo almost as savagely as wolves would have done, and might have killed him had not Bernard come to his rescue. He seized the strongest of the sticks and struck them with all his force, whereupon they released their hold upon Cairo, and limped about howling with pain.

Bernard was victorious, but he shed tears over Cairo, who was bleeding from many wounds. "Poor Cairo," said he, "to think a noble and useful dog like you should be hurt by two worthless hounds!" and seeing that

they were upon the point of attacking him again, he ran to them with uplifted stick, and had struck several blows when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs.

"What is all this about?" cried an angry voice. "Who dares strike our dogs? Ho, Alli! Kaiser! come here!"

The hounds, evidently wounded, went howling and whining towards the hunters who made their appearance at the moment, and who halted and leaned down from their horses to inspect their condition.

"Some one has beaten them, and it must have been you. How dare you lay a stick upon them?" cried the elder man, angrily.

"They rushed upon my good dog, Cairo, and would have torn him to pieces had I not driven them off," said Bernard, weeping afresh as he looked at his wounded companion.

"What difference does it make? I will soon put an end to his pain," said the younger hunter riding toward Cairo.

"No, you shall not," cried Bernard, stooping over Cairo, and protecting him with outstretched arms. "He was doing no harm when your savage hounds rushed upon him."

"Then I will take it out upon you," was the reply, as a cruel stroke of his whip upon Bernard's wrists caused him to rise quickly, thrilling with pain and excitement.

At that moment a third horseman dashed rapidly up, and, hearing the report of his son, the two laid their hunting-whips with all their strength upon the poor boy, who, putting up his arms to protect his face, offered his back as a fair target for the angry hunters. They would have kept up this inhuman treatment longer, had not Cairo, seeing how matters stood, attacked the legs of the horses, causing them to rear and plunge at such a fearful rate that their masters had all they could do to quiet them. Another bite from Cairo sent the horses off in affright, and Bernard sat down by the embers of his fire, and wept bitter tears, his arms and back bleeding, and his body trembling as with a chill.

He sat there some time, too benumbed with pain to move. Then, as the clock in the village church-tower tolled the hour of six, he arose and prepared to take the sheep to their stalls. He called them, then led the way, and by the bleating of hundreds of gentle creatures he

knew that Cairo, though torn and bleeding, was doing his duty, and not a sheep would be missing when counted as they passed into their stalls.

As soon as all were safely housed for the night, he went to a brook near the cottage, and washed the blood from his face and hands, that Hans Raumann, who was sick in bed, and Frau Raumann might not be frightened and distressed at the sight.

"Oh, Bernard!" cried Frau Raumann, the moment he appeared, "what has happened to you? Who has struck you? Your face is black and blue, and terribly swollen."

"It was the young Baron Baldwin and the hunter Henner who first attacked me, but another came up whom I had never seen before; but the young baron called him father, and I knew by his angry speeches that it was the Herr Baron. They beat me terribly."

Frau Raumann clasped her hands in distress, which did not lessen when she saw his bared arms and back.

"Oh, the cruel, cruel creatures who could torture a poor boy in this way! We must have a doctor. I know no cure for such cuts and bruises."

"No, aunt, there is no need. I will bathe them often in milk-warm water with a little laudanum in it. My foster-mother always said there was no better remedy for cuts than that."

"Sister-in-law Meyer is an excellent nurse, and knows nearly as much as a doctor; I will get the water and laudanum, and you must use it right away."

"But first I must attend to poor Cairo; he was shamefully bitten by the hounds. If he dies, I don't know what we would do without him; besides, we all love him so. I do believe he saved my life, for if he had not bitten the legs of the horses, I think the baron and his son would have beaten me to death."

"No doubt the baron was under the influence of beer; I hear that he is seldom entirely sober."

Cairo had made the effort to be his own physician, having plunged into the brook as soon as they reached it; but Bernard bathed his wounds with the laudanum and water, Cairo appearing to understand that it was done for his good, and, looking up at his master with affectionate gratitude, he licked the bruised hands.

CHAPTER II.

THE BARON, THE SHEPHERD, AND THE PASTOR.

THE next morning the baron rang his bell violently, and his valet answered the summons as quickly as possible.

"Are Alli and Kaiser much hurt?" inquired he.

"The veterinary surgeon has been here all night. He says Alli is crippled in the back."

"Then she is no use for running, and might as well have a bullet put through her head," exclaimed the baron angrily. "And Kaiser?"

"His nose is so swollen it looks like a muff, and the doctor thinks the teeth of the shepherd dog have destroyed his power to scent game."

"Then he too must be killed," said the baron, stamping his foot in rage. "Two such splendid hunters to be injured in such a niggardly way! Had one been gored by the horns of a

stag, and the other been torn by a wolf, I should never have given the subject a thought. Send the steward to me."

"See here, Holfort," continued he the moment the man appeared, "are your eyes hidden in the depths of your pockets that you don't see what is going on upon the estate. I furnish you an ample allowance to provide an experienced shepherd, and instead of a competent man to attend the herd, I find a miserable boy of only eleven or twelve years of age. Not only that, the flock was out in a mist that was almost a rain, and after five o'clock in the evening. The sheep will have the snuffles, but of course it will be of no account to you, I being the only loser."

"But, gracious Herr Baron, you gave orders this morning to spare the dry feed, and to let the sheep remain in the meadows until you gave further orders."

"But it was almost dark, yet there was no move made to bring the herd in for the night."

"But, Herr Baron, you gave orders that the sheep should remain out until six o'clock."

"But has the weather nothing to do with

it?" cried the baron, almost beside himself with rage; "six o'clock of a mild, sunny day, and six o'clock of a wet, cold one, are different things. I employ you to attend to such matters, and you are supposed to employ a competent shepherd."

"And I have done so; he has the highest recommendations, and lives up to them. He understands the nature and management of sheep, and is a kind, good man. He only obeyed orders."

"Why was he not attending to the herd?"

"I told you yesterday, Herr Baron, that Hans Raumann was sick and unable to leave his bed, and his nephew had to go alone to the field. He caught cold from being in the water so long the day one of the sheep broke through the bridge and came near being drowned. He saved the sheep, but caught a severe cold."

"That was his fault, not mine."

"Raumann told me several times, and I told the Herr Baron, that the planks were weak, and not safe for the herd to pass over."

"And I knew it was only a scheme to get money out of my pocket; but the main point

of the question is, that a sick shepherd is no use to me, and I will not have the estate burdened with him. Give him notice to-day that he is to leave when his quarter is up, which will be very soon; and have the boy taken to the lock-up; which is mild punishment for killing two of my best hunters."

"But, gracious Herr Baron, who will watch the sheep?"

"Raumann must see to that, and pay for a shepherd out of his own pocket. Now you can go."

Bernard in the meantime had passed a restless night. The tepid bath had soothed him, but there was no position he could rest in that his wounds did not trouble him. He arose in the morning, stiff and sore, and with none of the light-hearted buoyancy which characterized him. Cairo, too, seemed much depressed in spirits, and did not seem at all glad to go to the field, as was usual to him.

Bernard was full of anxiety, and concluded to ask Herr Raumann's advice, hoping that in the dimness of the morning light in the room his bruised face would not be noticed.

"I wish you would tell me what is the best to do for Cairo," said he. "The Herr Baron's dogs almost killed him last evening; I don't believe he is able to watch the sheep to-day."

"If he does not seem inclined to go, it is because he is not able. It will be hard upon you, my boy, but for to-day I think you must let Cairo remain at home. I will see to his wounds and try to have him able to go by to-morrow," replied his uncle.

Bernard went out, and opening the outer door was starting for the sheep-fold when he was accosted by the steward and a man from the village.

Bernard heard their errand, then, returning, he opened the kitchen door softly.

"Aunt Raumann, please come here, I wish to speak to you," said he.

The kind woman noticed the tremor in the boy's voice, and quitting her work of preparing breakfast, followed him out.

"The baron has sent me to arrest your boy for injuring his hunting dogs so badly that they are of no further use for game," said the man.

Frau Raumann trembled and grew pale, not only in sympathy for the boy, but knowing the anxiety it would cause her sick husband. She had often seen the lock-up, and knew that it was used in cases of imprisonment for minor offences; but that any one belonging to her should be placed there had never crossed her mind.

Bernard bade her good-bye, and advising her not to let Herr Raumann know of this new trouble, he went with the man, and soon found himself in a dreary room with four bare walls, and a poor straw bed in the corner. A small window gave the only light, but instead of glass there were iron bars, through which the cold autumn air was passing freely.

Frau Raumann went into her cottage for her wraps, then hurried to the village to get some trusty person to watch the sheep, carefully keeping the knowledge of her errand from her husband.

She had been gone but a short time when little Lina asked her father a few questions:

"Is the lock-up a pretty place, father?"

"Come away and let father sleep," said

Annamarie, the eight year old daughter, as she rocked the cradle of the sleeping baby.

"Oh no, let her talk. I am not sleepy. No, Lieschen, the lock-up is not a pretty place, and it is only those who are disorderly, or have stolen something, or are begging without cause, who are put there."

"What has our Bernard done?" inquired the little one, "was he begging?"

"Preserve us, child, no! What put such nonsense into your head," said the shepherd, smiling. "Bernard is not in the lock-up."

"Yes he is, and I heard him tell mother not to tell you."

"But you had to tell," said Annamarie, indignantly; mother will be angry when she hears it."

"But she did not tell me not to tell," said the child beginning to cry.

"Is it true?" questioned the shepherd anxiously, "what has the boy done?"

"Nothing, only trying to keep poor Cairo from being killed by the Herr Baron's hounds," replied Annamarie. "Because he tried to drive them away, the Herr Baron and his son

Baldwin struck him with their whips over the shoulders and back and head, and then had him put in the lock-up. And the steward says you are to give up your place, father. The Herr Baron says a sick shepherd is no use to him.

"And whose fault is it that I am sick; whose but the baron's? Had he been willing to have new planks put in the bridge, I would not have taken cold by saving a sheep from drowning that had broken through."

From anxiety or fright many sick persons have died, while, on the other hand, cases have been known where new strength has been given through these causes. The German Emperor, Henry I., rose from his sick-bed upon hearing of the approach of the Huns; and lame persons have been known to escape from burning buildings.

So it was with no little surprise that they saw their father arise from his bed, dress, put on hat and overcoat, and hurry from the house.

Frau Raumann, who met him not far from their cottage, was filled with surprise and anxiety.

"You will take your death," said she; "and

besides, it is not well for you to see the baron; you know how ill-tempered he is."

"Do not worry about me, dear Hannchen; I will not act hastily. But I must make some effort for poor Bernard; he is in my care, and I must do what I can to protect him. I will not quarrel with the Herr Baron, nor with any one. An irritable, hot-tempered man is not fit to manage sheep, and I have cultivated a peaceable disposition."

"That I well know, having lived with you thirteen years, and never saw you angry; but we have never met with any one like the baron."

They parted, and he hurried away to the lock-up to have a word with Bernard.

He found the window to be above his head, and there was nothing near which he could stand upon to reach it.

"Bernard!" called he, in a low tone, "Bernard!"

What he had hoped for came to pass, for Bernard put the tips of his shoes in the nicks in the wall cut by former prisoners and reached the window.

The heart of Hans Raumann thrilled with compassion when he saw the bruised and discolored face of the boy.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "I know all; have patience, and I will do what I can to have you set free."

Bernard, who had borne his troubles manfully, could not withstand the tender tones of Herr Raumann, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said the shepherd; "remember that it is better to suffer injustice than to inflict it."

"But the shame of it," sobbed Bernard, "the shame of it"; and he wiped the tears away with the sleeve of his jacket, while with the other hand he clung to the iron bar.

"The blessed Saviour was a thousand times higher than you, yet he suffered injustice of every kind. Try to call all the good things to memory that you have learned from the Scriptures. In the meantime, are you cold or hungry?"

"I am not very cold, but I have had nothing to eat since noon yesterday. My potatoes are scattered over the field where the dogs threw

them; please send Christopher or Annamarie to gather them, my head was so thick from the blows of the whip that I forgot them."

Here Bernard's foot slipped from its notch, and he dropped from view. He was about ascending again when his uncle spoke:

"Don't try to hold on there any longer, I will do all I can to help you out. Keep up a good heart, and good-bye."

From the lock-up he went to see the village pastor, who welcomed him cordially, and to him he told all his troubles.

"What do you think of doing in order to release the boy?" inquired the pastor.

"I will speak to the authorities about it. Bernard was doing only his duty in trying to defend my property. There is no justice in the land if the rich are thus allowed to oppress the poor."

"And whom do you hope to win over to your side?"

"The magistrate."

"Just so, but where will the magistrate feast after the hearing is over?"

"At the castle of the Herr Baron."

"Yes. And have you forgotten the proverb, 'I sing the praises of the man whose bread I eat?'"

"But there is higher justice to be found if that fail me."

"Perhaps so, if you have money to carry on an expensive law suit against the baron. If you think to liberate the boy in that way, you will find yourself mistaken."

The shepherd sat looking thoughtfully down, he knew not what course to take.

"I do not wish to discourage you," said the pastor, "but only to convince you that the easiest way out of this difficulty will be the better one. It would be a sad thing for us if human justice were the only justice. We all have need to plead, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Do not let this circumstance excite and worry you into doing anything you would be sorry for when you have time to reflect. It, like all troubles, will pass away. Remember the beautiful reflection:

'If I think of the world, I get the impress of the world,
If I think of my trials, I get the impress of my trials,

If I think of my failures, I get the impress of my failures,
If I think of Christ, I get the impress of Christ.'

Therefore, do not contend with your adversary, but for your sake as well as his, set him an example of meekness."

"But poor Bernard will in the meantime remain in the lock-up."

"In dealing with one like the baron we must be wise as serpents, yet harmless as doves. My advice is for you to see the Frau Baroness in regard to it. She is not only a hearer of the word, but a doer of it. Through her influence the boy stands a better chance for liberty than in any other way that I can think of; at all events, it is no harm to try. But under no circumstances attempt to contend with the baron, or it will be the worse for you."

The shepherd went away resolved not to call upon the law for assistance.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOCK-UP.

BEFORE her husband returned, Frau Raumann had prepared something for Bernard to eat, and sent Annamarie and Christopher with it to the lock-up. When they reached it, and found the height of the window from the ground, they were for a moment discouraged; but Annamarie was quick-witted enough to think of a plan.

"You can stand upon my shoulders," said she; "you will then be taller than any man, and, I am sure, can reach the window."

"But you could not stand there all the time Bernard is eating. I am heavier than you think."

"You can hold on by one arm to one of the iron bars; that will take some of the weight from my shoulders."

"But how am I to feed Bernard out of the cup if I have to hold it and the spoon in my other hand?"

"You need not hold it; set the cup on the sill; it is wide enough to hold a tin cup."

The plan seemed to be taking shape, and, without making any more objections, Christopher mounted to the window.

"Ho, stand still, my little white pony," said he, as he reached down for the bowl and heard Bernard clambering eagerly up the inside part of the wall.

"Here is some hot bread and milk," said Christopher, as Bernard's scarred and swollen face appeared at the window. "Now, be a good baby, and mamma will feed you out of the spoon. Now he opens his mouth like a young robin. Hi! that was a grand mouthful. Don't it warm you beautifully?"

Bernard showed his appreciation of the thoughtful kindness of Frau Raumann and the children by draining the bowl to the last drop.

"I never tasted anything so good in my life," said he; "thank Aunt Raumann for her goodness to me."

"Mother told us to tell you that she would send some salve for your bruises and a warm wrap; and she says to be patient, and not

wear out your knees and shoes climbing up the rough wall except when there is need."

Annamarie had made a restless movement of the shoulders, which brought to Christopher's remembrance that holding a stout boy was not the most pleasant of pastimes, nor intended to be prolonged longer than was necessary.

"I hear some one coming," said Bernard; "get down as quickly as you can."

Christopher jumped from his perch, and Annamarie straightened herself and looked about her.

"Who are you, children, and what are you doing here?" questioned a strange yet pleasant voice, that of the Baroness von Brune, who was accompanied by her little daughter Aurelia and her nephew, the young Baron Benno, who wore the uniform of a cadet. He and her son Baldwin were students in the military school, and were spending a short vacation at the castle.

"We have been feeding our Cousin Bernard," said Christopher. "He missed his supper of potatoes last evening and his breakfast this morning, and was nearly starved.

"The poor boy!" said Benno; "look at him, aunt! Wasn't it a shame to beat him so for trying to protect his dog?"

The lady made no reply, but her eyes were full of tears.

"You ought to see his back," said Christopher. "It looks like a picture our schoolmaster showed us of a striped animal, he called it a zebra."

"But I cannot see why he was foolish enough to beat the baron's dogs, they are badly hurt," remarked the baroness.

"But, gracious lady," said Annamarie, bravely, "they would have torn our Cairo to pieces. Had Cairo done the same with his dogs the baron would have killed him."

"Yes, the shoe would have then been upon the other foot," laughed Benno. "If a peasant's cow eats a nobleman's corn, the peasant must pay for the damage done; but if the other way the peasant must bear the loss as best he can."

"Benno, you should not say such things to the children, it creates a feeling against their superiors."

"But, aunt, you see there was no justice in it. The boy was shamefully treated because he was defending his property. Had he been a cadet instead of a shepherd boy, we would make him an adjutant, because he was brave in the cause of right, and did his best to defend the oppressed. I do hope you can prevail upon my uncle to have him brought out of this miserable place."

"Baron Benno talks like a book," commented Christopher softly to his sister.

"But, Benno, you see how that class of people deceives us. Yesterday the shepherd was ill in bed, and we did not know but he would die; to-day he is around as well as ever, trying to get the boy out of the lock-up. What are we to think of such treatment?"

"I know nothing of the shepherd, aunt, but I do know of the boy, and think he is to be pitied. He did only what he thought was right."

"I am sure papa will let him out if you ask him, mamma," said Aurelia.

"Well, good-bye, children!" said the baroness as she turned thoughtfully away, resolved

to do all she could to have the boy released, yet not willing to raise false hopes.

"Did you hear all they said?" questioned Christopher, as he again mounted to the window.

"Yes," replied the prisoner, "and I would go through fire and water for that young Baron Benno."

"But neither the pleadings of the baroness, nor the advice of Pastor Arnot, could change the mind of the baron, and Bernard remained in the lock-up.

But, fortunately for his peace of mind, he was accustomed to solitude, and the time did not seem so long to him as it would to boys who all day long had companions.

He was also used to exposure to cold, both as shepherd boy and as former assistant to his foster-father, having roamed through the Black Forest in all weathers, and was no more put out by snow or rain than by blue sky and sunshine. Neither was he afraid of the darkness of night in his dungeon. He had, with Herr Meyer, hunted wolves at midnight, when they and other wild animals came too near the

poultry and other live-stock belonging to the forester. At noon the keeper of the lock-up visited him and left a stone pitcher of fresh water and half a loaf of brown bread. Bernard thanked him, and had just seated himself to eat after the man left, when he heard Christopher's voice at the window:

"Here is a splendid dinner for you," said he; "there are two large slices of roast veal and several kinds of vegetables, and stewed plums, and white rolls. Dear me, it is a fine thing to be shut up in the lock-up."

"Oh! the splendid dinner!" cried Bernard, when, after climbing up, he saw the new tin platter of good things. "Where did the mother get such elegant food?"

"Oh! you foolish boy, where would she get it, sure enough? It was the good Frau Baroness who sent it to you from her own table. Now eat, and talk afterwards."

Bernard followed this agreeable advice, and enjoyed the meal heartily.

"Now I have had enough," said he, when nearly half the meat and other things disappeared from the platter. "Do you and Anna-

marie divide the rest between you, and a blessed meal-time to you."

"Are you sure you have had all you want?" asked Christopher.

"Yes, indeed; and you were so good to bring it. Thank the kind baroness for me."

Christopher gave Annamarie the plate and jumped down, and the two enjoyed the feast quite as well as Bernard had done, he looking on from the window.

"The baroness told me to tell you that she would send a blanket for your bed this evening," said Christopher, climbing again, by the help of Annamarie, to the window. "Here is a bottle of liniment she sent you; I had nearly forgotten it. My! it smells so good that you had better put it inside instead of outside. Now good-bye; we are going."

The short afternoon passed away, for it grew dark very early in the room in the lock-up. The keeper had been in and left more bread and water, and in spite of his wish to keep awake to listen for Baron Benno, Bernard fell asleep. His bruises had kept him awake so much the night before that he found he was

incapable of keeping his eyes open any longer, but was quite sure that he would wake when Herr Benno spoke to him. But Benno called his name several times, and hearing no response, he found a rail, and by its aid reached the window, and pushed as much of the blanket between the bars as would go through without help from the other side.

"I hope the poor boy is alive," thought he. "I am glad I brought the bunch of large keys from the castle, I will try to open the door and see why he does not answer my calls."

He left the blanket dangling from the window, and tried the keys in the outer door.

"Ha! Here is one that fits exactly. It turns, and I am in the corridor, and the key of Bernard's room is in the door."

He unlocked it and entered, but the darkness prevented him for a time from seeing anything. The deep breathing of the boy guided him to the bed of straw, and he knelt down beside it.

"His forehead is as cold as a stone," said he, putting his warm fingers upon it, "and his hands like ice. Ho, Bernard!" cried he,

shaking the shoulders of the boy, "are you sick? Have you a chill? See, I have brought you a warm blanket; but now that I find I can get in, I will see that you have no occasion to use it."

The words were spoken in as low a tone as possible. Benno was sure he would not be heard by the keeper, who, with his family, was at the other end of the building, but at that moment a well-known voice was heard under the grated window.

"Who is in that room with the prisoner? Say! who is talking in there?"

Benno whispered to Bernard to be silent, and going swiftly to the door he opened it, took out the key, locked it from the inside, and put it in his pocket.

"I ask who is in there, and will have an answer," said the same voice now at the door, its owner having found the outer door unlocked.

Disguising his voice, Benno went to the door and talked through the key-hole.

"Victorious general!" said he, "you had your triumph yesterday upon the field of bat-

tle at the head of the artillery, now you rush on foot upon a weaponless enemy."

"That is not Bernard who is speaking; who is it?"

"Your question shall be answered. I, the Emperor Napoleon, have come to the rescue of the shepherd-boy, and command that he be released."

"Oh! stop your nonsense and tell me who you are, or I will go to the jailer and tell him you are there," said Baldwin, angrily, for it was he.

"That is business that would suit you," laughed Benno, "and I would advise you to run to the village to get sympathizers, for no one on the estate will be on your side."

Too angry to make reply, the young Baron Baldwin returned to the castle, and Benno assisted Bernard to rise.

"Now is your time to leave this place, my boy. I will unlock the door, and the way will be clear." My uncle is away and will not be home until to-morrow, the inspector is at the castle drinking beer with the servants, from whence a team of horses could not draw him.

So, go now, Bernard, and take the blanket with you; my good aunt gives it to you."

"But, dear Herr Baron Benno," said the bewildered boy, "I am afraid something will happen to you for letting me out."

"Nothing will happen unless you refuse to go," laughed Benno, "in which case I will lie down beside you and take cold in this damp place."

Bernard was not willing to have him run such a risk. Moreover, he was deeply rejoiced to get out, so, taking the blanket upon his arm, he made quick steps for the cottage, and for further security resolved to sleep that night in the sheep-fold.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CASTLE.

THE Baron von Brune was secretly satisfied that Bernard had escaped from the lock-up; for, his anger being past, he was ashamed of his harshness, particularly as he saw that public opinion was in favor of the boy. Therefore, when Baldwin came, in great excitement, to tell him that Bernard had escaped, he bade him say nothing about the affair in any way.

Yet he did not withdraw his decision in regard to dismissing Raumann from his service; and the shepherd was much disturbed in mind, owing principally to the shortness of the time allowed him for selecting another home.

The dogs had recovered, and the dark prophecies of their physician came to naught; yet that did not make the baron any more lenient to the shepherd's family. He avoided them, and the shepherd did not put himself in the baron's way; so they never met.

Baldwin and Benno had returned to school, and would not visit the castle until the Christmas holidays.

For this joyous festival the kind baroness was making great preparations. Aurelia had invited several girl friends, and some of the cadets were to accompany Baldwin and Benno. They were to have a merry time, and the old castle would ring with mirth and be fragrant with good cheer.

Christmas came. Not one of the expected guests was absent. The castle was brilliant with light, and the Christmas tree was beautiful beyond description.

In the midst of the fun and frolic, Benno slipped away and went to the shepherd's cottage. He had been there the evening before, and had asked permission to have the loan of "Mansel," a snow-white lamb, which was a great pet of the Raumann children. It belonged to the baron's herd, but, its mother having died, the shepherd took it to his cottage, where the children had fed it with milk, and it was now more than half-grown, and a pet of the whole family. It was Lieschen's

especial companion, and followed her everywhere, being unhappy when she was not in sight.

So, in furtherance of the merry prank of taking the lamb to the castle, Lieschen was to accompany them, or, like the pig in the fable, the lamb would not go.

Wrapped in tissue paper, Benno carried a large and handsome doll; and when they reached the door which led to the large drawing-room of the castle, he unwrapped it and placed it upon the back of the lamb.

Lieschen opened the door, and walked in. The lamb followed, then Benno, and they stood in the midst of the merry-makers.

"Here, Cousin Aurelia, you have always wished a shepherd maiden and her lamb; now you see it. Observe the pink satin costume, true to nature, contrasting beautifully with the snow-white fleece of the lamb. Notice also that she is double-jointed, and, with a little help from some one, can jump off and on with wonderful rapidity. The lamb, as you will observe, has real wool—in fact, is as perfect an imitation of the genuine article as one can imagine."

Just then the lamb uttered a prolonged "ba," which increased the merriment of the spectators.

"Quite a drama!" said Baldwin, ironically, jealous that Benno had thought of this amusement for the guests.

The lecture was brought to a sudden close, for the lights reflected from the Christmas tree were too much for the lamb, and after his first bewildered surprise, he indulged in frisking and plunging, causing the girls to flee, screaming with mirth, to the sofa's and chairs, while stools were overturned, and papers and books scattered far and wide.

The baron raved and stormed, the baroness coaxed, the children shouted, Baldwin taunted, and Benno laughed. Poor Leischen called, but the lamb was too frightened to hear her. Baldwin, seeing there was an opportunity to exercise his spite against anything that was treasured by the shepherd's family, rushed upon it with his pocket-knife, inflicting several wounds, which caused the blood to dye its white wool in spots of crimson.

Lieschen sprang to protect it, and wept

bitterly when Mansel hid its head in her bosom.

"Mansel, dear Mansel, let us go home," said she, and Benno opened the door for them.

"Now see what your foolishness has done," said Baldwin, when Benno returned after seeing them safely to the cottage. "There are our games scattered over the floor, and Aurelia's beautiful perfume bottle broken and the perfume wasted."

"But you have covered yourself with glory," retorted Benno. "You attacked the enemy in the shape of a lamb and conquered it. You are a brave and gallant warrior."

The baron would have resented this speech to his son had not one thing restrained him. In the military school Baldwin would have been dunce of his class had not Benno helped him in his difficulties. Therefore, the father kept back the hasty rebuke which it would have been much satisfaction to give.

Lieschen had in the meantime told the story to the family, and their exclamations of dismay at seeing the blood upon Mansel were many and sincere. Annamarie took the candle from the table to examine the wounds.

"Mansel has tears in his eyes," said Christopher, as the light fell upon them.

"Don't worry, children, the lamb is not much hurt," said Herr Raumann, who had been examining its wounds. "It's wool is thick, and the young baron's knife dull, so the stabs are not deep, and Mansel will be well in a day or two."

The children were comforted, and Leischen had just finished telling them of the beautiful Christmas tree, when there came a knock upon the door, and when it was opened there stood a servant from the castle, bearing a large basket of cakes, confectionery, and other good things sent by the baroness. Not one of the family but was remembered by a gift, all suitable and good, and such as they could not have purchased for themselves.

Frau Raumann also had made all the preparation she could for the beloved holiday. A small Christmas tree was loaded with cakes in the shape of animals and birds; red apples were heaped under it, and nuts and candies in small quantities were dotted about the moss which covered the bank upon which it stood.

They were to have real coffee the next morning for breakfast, and two of Frau Raumann's fattest chickens for dinner, and the whole day was to be filled with pleasure.

"I well know that miserable Baron Baldwin vented his spite upon us by wounding our poor innocent Mansel," thought Bernard that night, as he went to his lodging in the sheep-stall. "He has a cruel heart, and will be as wicked as his father if he don't mend his ways."

The little family arose at the usual time the next morning, and after the Christmas greetings were over, the father offered up the morning prayer, giving thanks to God for the gift of his dear Son, our Saviour, who has gone to prepare a place for those who believe in him. Then their humble gifts were distributed, nearly all home-made, in which knitted mittens formed a prominent part, all done in the evenings by the good house-mother; and when they set out for the service in the village church, the mittens were worn, and very proud the wearers were of them. On the way the shepherd had the company of Melchor, one of the herdsmen on the estate, for a short dis-

tance. Raumann knew him to be a rough, ignorant boy, but had never suspected him of being vicious.

"Our young baron did a wicked thing in stabbing your children's pet lamb," remarked he, as he walked along. "He must always be doing something to hurt you or your family. I wonder you put up with it. If I were in your place I would give the rich people something to remember me by."

"What would you do?" questioned the shepherd quietly.

"I would some night put a torch to the hay in the sheep-fold, or mix arsenic in their salt in the field."

"Oh! you wicked, wicked creature!" cried Hans Raumann in horror at the thought; "go away from us; we don't wish the company of such a person."

"Yes, I don't intend going any further with you. I only came to tell you this, and to ask if you have got another place."

The shepherd could not trust himself to reply; he only cast a severe glance upon Melchor, who turned and went back to the castle.

Raumann was sorry to have met Melchor. He had endeavored all the morning to put aside anxious thoughts as to where he should go when his quarter was up, for he wished to enjoy the meeting in God's house with thoughts free from the cares of life. The wickedness of Melchor shocked him. He had not believed that any one upon the estate would take the life of an innocent animal to avenge himself upon the baron. But as soon as he was seated in the church his ruffled feelings were calmed, and he enjoyed the service as only a Christian can.

As soon as they returned to the cottage he went to the sheep-fold, where the joyful bleating of hundreds of sheep welcomed him, and as many as could crowd around him rubbed their heads against him, showing their affection in the only way they could.

"Poor innocents!" said he, "how could any one have the heart to see you struggling in the flames, or your bodies writhing in the tortures of poison!"

His sleep that night was disturbed, for he could not overcome the fear that Melchor

would do some harm to the sheep. His reason for this fear was that a few days before, the baron in a tempest of anger had broken his cane over Melchor's back; and since hearing the boy talk he believed that the insult was not forgotten, and that only an opportunity was wanting to avenge the wrong in any way that his ignorant depravity prompted.

The next morning, Christopher, who had been sent to the village upon an errand, returned, bringing an important message.

"Father," said he, "the Herr Pastor called to me from his window, and said to tell you to come to see him now, if possible, he has something to tell you."

"There is no time better than now. I will go right away," and in a little while Herr Raumann reached the village. The pastor was in his study and welcomed him kindly.

"Raumann," said he, "I read in this morning's paper that a nobleman in Russia will give an excellent salary to a competent German shepherd who comes well recommended. He will also pay all expenses of the journey there. The agent is in Dresden, and no doubt will

have many applicants, but your chance to get the position is as good as any of them, and I advise you to try. Consult with your family, and if you are willing to go to Russia, stop here on your way to Dresden and I will have letters of recommendation ready for you. Try to get one from the baron also. It would go far toward securing the position if he would give you a good one. And now you have no time to lose."

Thanking the kind pastor, Hans Raumann hurried away and laid the scheme before his wife and children.

"To Russia!" cried Frau Raumann, "with four children; the youngest not a year old!"

"To Russia!" exclaimed Christopher, "where wolves are plentier than people, and men are banished to Siberia!"

"To Russia!" said Annamarie, "where the milk freezes on its way from the cow to the bucket!"

Bernard alone was inclined to take Russia under his protection; and after consideration, all agreed that the father should start immediately for Dresden.

"Yes, I will go," said Herr Raumann; "and if the choice should fall upon me or upon some other man, I shall know it is God's will, and be content. The Herr pastor advised me to get a recommendation from the baron, and I shall ask for it, although it is not a pleasant thing to do when one is sure of a refusal; yet it is worth the trial, and would be much to me if I could get it."

He bade his family an affectionate good-bye, for they were a happy, united family, and it was a trial to all to have him go, even for a short time. His first call was at the castle, and it was not with any hope or pleasure that he asked to see the baron and told his errand.

"Come to me for a recommendation, you who shirk duty by feigning sickness? No, indeed; my conscience will not allow me to speak well of you, and a poor report is worse than none."

Without a word the shepherd turned away, and was soon in the study of the pastor.

"Perhaps you are quite as well off without one of any kind from him," said Herr Arnot, when he heard of the fruitless application for a

recommendation. "I shall write a full explanation to the agent of the cause of your being dismissed, and give my opinion of the affair and of you. I will inclose the recommendations of two of our prominent churchmen; and as the agent is well acquainted with them, I believe you will secure the position."

With a lightened heart Hans Raumann set out, and in three days returned in the same good spirits. "There were seven applicants for the place," said be, "but the letter of our good pastor, saying that I was a kind and merciful man to animals, influenced them for me. On this paper is the list of what we are to have in our new home."

Frau Raumann took the paper and read: "Roomy, comfortable cottage, free of rent; one cow yearly, also two hogs, six sheep, twenty hens, twelve shocks of corn, one hundred pounds of butter, and three thousand pounds of meal."

"Is that possible?" said she, with tears of joy in her eyes. "And here are potatoes, and peas, and beans, barley, wheat, oats; and for salary, one hundred and fifty silver rubles, for

taking care of from five to six thousand sheep; also the use of a horse, and food for it."

"A horse is necessary there in watching such a large herd," said Herr Raumann.

"I wonder why they wished a German shepherd?" questioned his wife.

"The steward upon the estate is a German, and the nobleman who owns the estate is about the court of the Czar in St. Petersburg, and leaves all the management to the steward."

The time soon came for them to go. All things they could dispense with were sold, that the large wagon Hans Raumann had purchased might hold their property and themselves. A supply of provisions sufficient to last until they should reach their destination was provided by the good housewife, and all the furniture they could do without for the last night they were to remain, was packed in the wagon to insure an early start in the morning.

The children had bidden good-bye to the woods and meadows, to the stream where they had sailed their little boats, to the hill where they had coasted in winter and gathered forget-me-nots in summer; and weary, but contented,

the little family sought repose. To insure more comfort for the others, Bernard slept that night in the sheep-fold, and his bed of straw being soft and comfortable, he was soon in a deep, sweet sleep.

It was a great grief to the children to part with Mansel, and tears filled their eyes at the thought of his loneliness when they were gone. Herr Raumann would have asked the baron to sell him to them, but was sure the request would be refused. Moreover, the baron avoided him, and that day had gone to Dresden to remain until after the departure of the shepherd.

So Mansel was petted more than usual that evening, and lay down beside Lieschen, unaware that there was any thought of separation.

Bernard had slept soundly for several hours, when he was aroused by the low growling of Cairo.

"Hist, good dog," whispered he, as he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. A wire screen, which covered one of the windows of the sheep-stall, was being slowly pushed aside, and he knew that some one was on the outside, and it could not be for any good purpose.

Cairo could be controlled no longer, but sprang at the window with quick, angry barks. Bernard followed, taking with him a hoe, to be used in case of necessity.

"Hush, Cairo, don't you know me?" said a low voice. "I wish I could reach you; it would be the last time you would bark."

Bernard peered anxiously through the darkness, hoping to see who it was, but could not. He did not recognize the voice, yet could not refrain from suspecting Melchor of being the intruder.

After a short pause he saw that a torch was being put through the opening, nothing but it and a hand being visible. In its fall to the ground, where lay wisps of hay used for bedding the sheep, the flame was extinguished, and Bernard sprang upon the smouldering wood with his heavy shoes, which he had not removed before going to sleep.

The hand was placed again in the window, and Bernard came down upon it with the edge of the hoe, whereupon there was a howl of pain, and mutterings of revenge against the dog who was supposed to have bitten him.

Bernard heard the man descend and hurry off with his ladder. Then he went to the cottage and called Herr Raumann, who came quickly. The would-be incendiary had dropped his lantern, and by its light they found the torch. Both recognized the lantern as belonging to the castle, and both were almost convinced that the man was Melchor, yet as they did not see him, they could not fasten the guilt upon him, and therefore, would not make their suspicion known.

Herr Raumann remained with Bernard the balance of the night, and the next morning walked to the castle carrying the lantern with him. The first person he met was Melchor, who was evidently frightened at sight of him, and who carried his right hand in his pocket, refusing to remove it to shake hands with Raumann, who wished to bid him good-bye, but gave the left instead.

Had Raumann been certain that Melchor was the midnight visitor, he would not have left the estate without putting the baron's family in possession of the facts that they might protect themselves, but it was only suspicion

which if mentioned would subject him to great inconvenience, and might cause him to loose his situation by having to remain to await the trial of Melchor.

Had he known that Melchor disappeared at the same hour, and was never again seen upon the estate, he would have gone to Russia more contentedly; as it was, he only asked for the baroness, and when he was shown into the castle, gave account of the adventure and left the lantern. He also ventured to suggest that until the baron's return, she should see that some reliable person remained at night in the sheep-fold.

"You are a good, honorable man," said she, "and will not give a hint as to whom you suspect, yet I think you agree with me in believing it to be Melchor. He is sullen, and I believe malicious, and I hope the baron will soon discharge him. I wish to give your children a token of my good opinion of them, and will ask you to give them this gold piece, which they can change and divide."

"You will add to your kindness, gracious lady, if instead of this valuable gold piece you

would give them the pet lamb, Mansel. They are grieved at the thought of parting with it."

"Certainly, they are welcome to it. Had they not cared for it, it would probably have died. But that need not prevent me from bestowing the gold piece; so pray give it for me to Bernard, who so faithfully guarded our sheep last night.

Herr Raumann thanked her heartily, and bowing good-bye he hurried back to the cottage, where the children were overjoyed to hear that Mansel was to go to Russia with them, and Bernard was equally pleased with his gift. An hour afterward they were on their way to their new home.

CHAPTER V.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

TWO years passed away and Hans Raumann and his family had prospered in their new home. The nobleman was perfectly satisfied with his shepherd, and the contract between them being kept faithfully, the Raumanns not only lived comfortably, but were laying something by for a rainy day.

Herr Könitzer, the German steward, was a kind friend to them, and passed many evenings in their cottage when the work for the day was finished.

The children could speak very well in the Russian tongue, particularly Bernard, who had great talent for languages, a gift which was a great pleasure to him in after life.

The parents were slower in learning, for they could converse with their family and Herr Könitzer in their beloved German, and when compelled to converse with Russians some one

of the children was generally present to act as interpreter; yet, by dint of words they knew, and by signs, they could make themselves understood when occasion demanded that they should depend upon themselves.

Christopher helped Bernard with the sheep, the girls helped their mother in her household duties, and little Kathie was the light of the house. Cairo was his useful self, and Mansel had grown to be a splendid sheep, with two great horns, and with long silky wool such as no Russian sheep could boast. He came of a noted stock of sheep, and the shepherd was several times offered three hundred silver rubles for him.

In every way the change of a home had been of advantage, and Herr Raumann was grateful to his Heavenly Father for his great goodness to them.

One morning he was out with the sheep when the steward came toward him accompanied by Count Boutnieff, the owner of the estate. They were on horseback, and the steward was leading a horse.

"Good Raumann," said he, "this is our

Herr Count; he wishes to inspect the herd, and I have brought a horse that you may accompany us."

The shepherd obeyed, and they rode from one meadow to another, and found the sheep in fine condition, the herdsmen near, and attentive to their duties.

The count engaged the shepherd in conversation upon sheep and sheep-raising, and was much pleased with his intelligent remarks, and expressed his pleasure in seeing the improvement he had made in accommodations for them in the stalls.

The steward then accompanied the count to other parts of the estate, and Raumann returned to his work, halting on his way to notice particularly a herd in one of the fields.

"Rawalsk," said he to the herdsman in charge, "there are two sheep missing from your herd; a mother sheep and her lamb. Why have you not reported the loss? Where are they?"

"A wolf dragged them away."

"How? A wolf dragged away two sheep at one time? How is that possible?

"Herr Shepherd, you have no idea of the strength of our wolves, nor their cunning. Quick as thought that wolf dragged the lamb to a hiding-place, and before I could prevent it, dragged away the mother sheep that had run to protect her lamb."

As soon as the steward returned, the shepherd reported the loss.

"Rawalsk is the wolf," was the reply, "come with me to his cottage, and I will prove it."

Herr Raumann again mounted his horse, and they set out. There was great distress in the herdsman's family when the steward found the skins of the two sheep and part of the meat, for they knew that the punishment would be twenty lashes of the knout upon his bared back in the presence of all the herdsmen and servants upon the estate.

That evening when the herds were in the fold was the time set for the punishment. It was a terrible trial to the tender heart of the shepherd to see the suffering of the wretched man, the two Russians who inflicted the punishment plying the lash with as much energy as though

the offender was a bitter enemy instead of one of their associates.

None of the Raumann children were allowed to be present. Frau Raumann sent salve and some soft old linen to the cottage, well knowing they would be needed, and devoutly hoping that nothing of the kind would again happen while her husband was shepherd upon the estate. She was glad that Rawalsk showed no resentment against her husband, and in a few days he seemed to have forgotten the affair.

Thus the season passed happily by, and one day in the latter part of November, Bernard harnessed Cairo to a small sled to take little Kathie over the snow to the house of the Steward Könitzer, about a quarter of a mile away.

Kathie had a charming time with the children, and wished to stay longer, but it was sunset, and Bernard set her on the sled, and, in order to make it easier for Cairo, pushed the light burden, chatting to Kathie as they flew along.

They were scarcely out of sight of the steward's dwelling when Cairo stopped, put up his ears, listened, and then started across

a field in another direction from their home at such a swift pace that Bernard lost his hold upon the sled and rolled over in the snow. When he regained his footing, he saw that Cairo had stopped in a field where there were large stacks of corn fodder, and was trembling with excitement. His first thought was that the dog had gone suddenly mad, and he hurried forward to protect little Kathie. It was but the work of a moment to drag her from the sled and toss her to the top of the nearest stack, making believe that it was playing, that she might not be frightened. As he turned to look at Cairo, before springing out of danger, he saw his eyes were fixed upon a moving figure, that of a wolf, which was coming stealthily toward them. Bernard realized their danger, but his nerves were not so shaken as when he imagined that Cairo was suffering from hydrophobia. He quickly released the faithful animal from the sled, which he threw upon the stack, climbed up himself, and whistled to Cairo to follow. He was just in time. The wolf had reached the stack, placed his fore-feet upon it, and snapped at the retreating prey.

Again and again it changed its place of attack, uttering sharp barks. Kathie became frightened and began to cry. Bernard had no time to comfort her, his whole strength and energy being employed in beating back the foe with his sled. Cairo did his share, snapping at the nose and feet of the wolf, sometimes holding on them so long that Bernard feared he would be dragged from his perch. The eyes of the beast glowed like coals of fire through the darkness, and Bernard feared that the commotion upon the stack would cause it to give away, and then there would be no help for them. He hallooed for help whenever the wolf gave him the chance to do so, and hoped that some one going to or from the neighboring village of Alexandrowka would hear him, and come to their relief. He was distressed that he missed his aim so often, and feared his blows, when he did hit the wolf, were without result.

"I thought I was in a miserable condition when in the lock-up in Saxony," thought he, "but it was nothing in comparison with this." The thought of Kathie's tender flesh being

torn by the terrible fangs of the wolf armed him with the strength of desperation as he struck again and again at the savage animal.

The sled snapped into pieces, and nothing was left in his hand but one of the iron runners, the rest falling at the foot of the stack, causing the wolf for a moment to cease the attack. Bernard utilized the time by shouting at the top of his voice, and, to his joy, his clear, strong tones were heard and answered. He heard the sound of footsteps, saw the flash of lanterns, recognized the voices of Herr Könitzer, Hans Raumann, and one of the herdsmen who was carrying torches, and then sank senseless upon the stack.

Cairo kept up his barking, which guided the hunters to the spot; a pistol-shot finished the wolf, and little Kathie was carried by the happy, grateful Hans Raumann and placed in the arms of her mother, while Herr Könitzer and the herdsman attended to Bernard, who soon revived. All accompanied him to the cottage, where he told all his fearful experience.

The Raumann family had become anxious when it began to grow dark and Bernard and

Kathie had not returned, so Hans walked to the dwelling of the steward to accompany them home. To his great anxiety, he found they had left some time before, and then he and Herr Könitzer armed themselves for the search.

Praises to God for his great goodness in sparing the lives of Bernard and Kathie ascended that night from grateful hearts, for they had been mercifully preserved from a terrible death.

It was the custom to keep many dogs in the village of Alexandrowka to prevent wolves, being driven by hunger, coming too near, in which case the dogs gave the alarm. Like birds when a night-hawk comes among them, they scented danger, and confusion reigned among them.

Cairo, too, was always to be depended upon, and when he seemed restless and excited, the sheep-fold was guarded more carefully than usual.

As the winter advanced, the wolves, ravenous from hunger, came so near the sheep-fold that Herr Raumann resolved to dig a pit for

their capture near the door leading from the stalls to the meadows.

With the help of the herdsmen he dug a deep, square hole, and placed over it a trap-door supported by a prop. The weight of a wolf upon it would cause it to fall, and drop its burden into the pit, and by means of a spring the trap-door would resume its original position.

At the same time the villagers were making a wolf-trap upon a larger scale. In a field near Alexandrowka great stakes were driven in the ground in the form of a hollow square. This was finished with a high fence of lattice-work and a door. Outside of this was another lattice-work, allowing a narrow path between it and the other. In it was also a door, loosely hung that it might open easily in, but would not open out. When the trap was finished a sheep was taken from the herd of Hans Raumann and placed in the inner inclosure, where its bleatings would be sure to attract the wolves.

The Raumann children were grieved to hear it, and tears filled their eyes.

"Do not be anxious," said their father, "it will not be hurt. The wolf cannot reach it; but by its help we hope to save the other sheep."

As dark came on the bleating of the lonely sheep attracted the attention of a wolf that was prowling about. It came near, sniffed at the lattice-work, walked around the enclosure several times, found the entrance, pushed it with his nose and was inside; but really no nearer capturing the sheep than before. In a short time another wolf made its appearance and became a prisoner, and by daylight there were five securely fastened. Before the morning sun shone through the lattice Hans Raumann headed a party of the villagers, who quickly dispatched them, whereupon there was great rejoicing that so many of the enemies of the innocent sheep would never trouble them again.

Bolder grew the wolves as the snow lay long upon the ground. One night Hans Raumann, Bernard, and a herdsman named Umaroff, went to a trap which they had set near the forest. It was a log cabin in a field near

the forest, in one side of which Umaroff had made a sliding door which could be opened and shut by means of a rope. He took with him a dead sheep and placed it inside the cabin, then all mounted to the roof, through the crevices of which they could view what should take place below. They had waited but a short time when they saw a wolf creeping stealthily toward the opening. He looked about him suspiciously, listening, while the three upon the roof kept perfectly silent. After awhile he trotted off.

"He is only a scout," said Umaroff; "he will be back soon and bring others with him."

He was correct in this, for in a short time they saw the wolf coming, and with him several young wolves. They came through the opening and commenced feeding upon the sheep, when Umaroff pulled the string, the sliding door closed, and the wolves were prisoners. The men prevented them from ever again attacking live sheep, by firing upon them through the crevices in the roof, and before daylight returned to their homes.

The shepherd had left two herdsmen to

watch the sheep-fold that night, and as he and Bernard drew near, they saw a man enter the main door of the stalls, and wondered who he was and what his errand.

They found the two watchers sound asleep, and with no knowledge of any person but themselves being in since the shepherd left. A thorough search was made, and in passing that part of the fold nearest the wolf-pit, they heard groans and cries as though some one were suffering great pain. They went to the door which led to it, and found the bolt withdrawn.

"The man we saw has rushed through here when he saw us coming, and has fallen into the pit," said Herr Raumann, and they hurried forward and opened the trap-door.

It was too true, and while he held the lanterns, Bernard kept open the trap-door, and the two herdsmen descended by means of a ladder and brought up the wounded man.

It proved to be Rawalsk. His legs were broken, and he was otherwise injured so badly that they feared he would die. In his pocket they found flint, steel, and tinder; and Hans Raumann had no doubt but that he had come there to fire the sheep-fold.

"Oh! forgive me, forgive me," said the wretched man, when, after tenderly conveying him to his home, Herr Raumann sat down beside him, while the poor frightened wife of Rawalsk sent for a physician. "I was intending doing a wicked deed to avenge myself against you."

"I forgive you," said the shepherd, "but ask God, whom you more deeply offended, to pardon you," and kneeling by the bedside he prayed for the suffering man.

CHAPTER VI.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE physician who lived in Alexandrowka came promptly, set the broken limbs, and gave Rawalsk a mixture to soothe his pain. But through the balance of the winter and the months of spring he lay in bed unable to help himself.

Herr Raumann and his family did all they could to help the poor people in their affliction. Night after night the shepherd went to watch beside the sick bed, and never went empty-handed. In that poor cottage anything in the shape of food or clothing was welcome, and the Raumanns gave freely of their store. More than all, Herr Raumann in the still watches of the night talked to the poor ignorant herdsman, giving him the comfort of God's promises to those who believe, and in time Rawalsk learned to love the dear Saviour who had died that he might live.

Rawalsk had only escaped banishment to Siberia for the offence against the count's sheep by being too lame to move except upon crutches, and with no prospect of ever being able to use his limbs again. He deeply deplored his past wickedness, and Herr Raumann believed him to be sincere.

The summer that followed—that of 1812—was a happy one in the Raumann cottage, for they were all well, and prospering in every way. There was but one cloud in the brightness of their lives, and that was shared by all the Russians. Napoleon Bonaparte, first a cadet, then lieutenant, captain, general, consul, and emperor of the French, and king of Italy, had waged war against Russia, and with a large army of French soldiers entered Poland and established a government. On their way there they had been strengthened by German soldiers, and with an immense army they marched toward Moscow. But on September 10, before reaching there, the battle of Borodina was fought, and sixty thousand lives were lost.

The governor of Moscow—Count Rostop-

chin—hearing that Napoleon was pressing on to the city, gave orders that it should be given to the flames rather than allow it to fall into the hands of the French; and ordered that all prison doors be opened and the prisoners set free on condition of their promising to fire the city in every quarter.

The Raumann family in their quiet cottage saw the glare of the burning city, and trembled for their own safety; for they knew that their home lay upon the route to Moscow, and that the French army was on the way there. All the Russians, except old men, women and children, had gone to the defence of their country, Könitzer and Raumann being exempt because they were foreigners.

The hatred of Count Boutnieff against the French was so great, that he ordered the hay, and grain, and food of every kind for the sheep and other animals upon the estate to be stacked near the sheep-stalls; and in case of attack it was to be fired and consumed rather than have it and the sheep fall into the hands of the French. Therefore, in obedience to this order, all the men on the estate had been thus em-

ployed until the threatened attack upon Moscow called them away, and immense stacks of grain and hay were piled about the sheep-pens.

Herr Raumann was much distressed at this state of affairs; his heart ached for the poor animals, particularly the innocent sheep, which knew and loved him. The count, on his part, had fears that his German shepherd and steward did not share his enmity toward the French, and if the time came, would not obey his orders; but rather than destroy the sheep and other animals and the food for them, would allow them to be taken. To be certain that he would not be disobeyed, he sent an old body-servant (Rolitzky) to oversee matters, and report whether arrangements had been made for the conflagration.

In Russia there are deep pits dug in fields for the storing of overplus grain, and in the fields near Alexandrowka there were many such pits. They had clay floors, were dry, and there would be ample time to fill them before the enemy could reach there.

Könitzer and Raumann begged Rolitzky to allow them to have them filled, but he feared

treachery on their part, and knowing that the count preferred having all destroyed rather than that any fall into the enemy's hands, refused. They then suggested that the animals be driven more inland, but that, too, was refused, Rolitzky saying that the French would ravage the whole of Russia, and no place was secure from them. So nothing remained for Raumann but to await results. In the meantime he had been planning ways and means of protecting his family and property in case the French made a sudden rush in that direction, and it was decided that Frau Raumann and the children should, at the first sound of an attack, go to the forest, and in a cave, which Herr Raumann had cleared of rubbish and made as comfortable as possible, remain until the enemy had passed. Bernard was to secrete their own little herd of sheep near it, and a grain pit was stocked with their property and provisions.

"Father," said Christopher, that evening (they had been watching Moscow burning in the distance), "who is Napoleon Bonaparte, and where did he come from?"

"He is Emperor of France and King of Italy; was born on the island of Corsica August 15, 1769, so is something over forty-three years of age."

"Was he trained for a soldier, uncle?" questioned Bernard.

"Yes; he went to a military school at Brienne, in France, when he was only ten years of age, and remained until he was fifteen, and then went to another military school in Paris."

"How long did he stay in school, father?"

"Until he was twenty; but his military life had commenced three years before, when, after a brilliant examination, he had been appointed second lieutenant in the regiment of artillery *La Fëre;* but he was not in any engagement until his return to Corsica, when a war broke out between the adherents of the Corsican patriot Paoli and those of the young French leader Napoleon. Paoli went so far as to attempt the lives of the Bonaparte family, but Napoleon conducted them safely to France.

"In 1793 he went to Nice, where he was made captain of the fourth regiment of artillery,

and in 1794 was made a general of brigade. In 1796 he married Josephine, and partly through her influence was appointed to the command of the army of Italy."

"Was it then that he got the name of 'The Little Corporal'?" questioned Bernard.

"Yes, it was during that year, and in battle against the Austrians. On May 10 he made the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi at the head of his grenadiers, amid a storm of grape-shot, and routed the Austrians with great slaughter. For this the French soldiers gave their commander the name of 'The Little Corporal.'"

"Did he keep on fighting after that?" inquired Annamarie.

"Yes, it would take some time to tell you of all the battles he fought, and the terrible loss of blood which accompanied his victories. In June, 1800, he led a great army over the Alps, beat the Austrians in the noted battle of Marengo, and by that and former victories, became master of Italy; and on May 29, 1804, he was crowned king, and his Empress Josephine, queen, by the Pope of Rome, Pius VIII."

"He was a great man," said Christopher, thoughtfully; but, father, is it right to fight as he did, and allow so many people to be killed?"

"No; it was not right in Napoleon, for he did it only for conquest, and for his own glory and that of France. It is right to fight to save one's country from destruction, and to save one's home and loved ones, but Napoleon fought for conquest; and when he conquered new countries he placed his brothers upon the thrones. He placed the crown of Naples upon the head of his brother Joseph, that of Westphalia on Jerome, and Holland was bestowed upon Louis. Then he sent eighty thousand men into Spain, seized all the strong places, dethroned the king, Charles IV., took possession of the capital, and made his brother Joseph king, transferring the crown of Naples to his brother-in-law Murat."

"Had he any little girls, father?" piped Kathie.

"No, dear; he had no children then. In 1809 Austria concluded to bring war against France, and Napoleon, at the head of his troops, again entered the Austrian capital, beat

the Austrians in the battle of Wagram, and concluded a peace. So much glory made him ambitious for more, and, for political reasons, he divorced himself from his beloved wife Josephine, who loved him tenderly, and married Marie Louisa, an Austrian arch-duchess, daughter of the Francis I. whom he had beaten in war the year before. They have a little son, born in 1810, who is named Napoleon Francis Charles Joseph, and his title is King of Rome. Napoleon hopes to have great possessions to give him, over which he will be King; but God is not unmindful of the wrongs he does in causing the shedding of so much blood for his own glory; he will surely punish him by bringing about his downfall, for his battles have not been for the right and to protect the defenceless, but for conquest."

"But, father, other people fight; think of all the soldiers; they must believe as he does," said Christopher.

"My son, suppose our master, Count Boutnieff, coveted a fine estate belonging to a nobleman in another province, and commanded that all whom he employed upon his estates should

follow him to fight the other nobleman and his men, and gain possession of it. Our men might not think it right, but they would follow him. And so it is with many of the soldiers of Napoleon; they have come to Russia because they are commanded to come; and God alone knows what will be the result."

Two or three days passed away after the burning of Moscow, and the shepherd's family had seen or heard nothing of the French, but the country was in such a terribly unsettled condition that they feared to lie down at night in peace, not knowing at what moment they would have to flee from their cottage. They lay down with their clothing on, and with large baskets of food to take with them to the forest. On the third night they heard the cry, "The French! the French! They are coming; hurry and save yourselves." They knew not from whence the sound came, but, pale as the dead, Herr Raumann and his wife sprang up. Bernard ran to take his sheep to the forest, Frau Raumann and the children, carrying their provisions and all else that they could burden themselves with, hurried after him, and the

shepherd hastened to the stalls, resolved to open the doors of the sheep pens and let the sheep have a chance for their lives. On the way he heard the falling of a stick or something of the kind, and turning suddenly, he saw a figure crouching under the shadow of a knarled plum tree. It was the cripple Rawalsk.

"Oh! Herr Shepherd!" said he, trembling with excitement; "I came and gave you warning that the French are upon us. Some of your countrymen are among them; beg them to spare a poor cripple like me."

At that instant a glare of light came from the hay and straw about the sheep-stable.

"I did it!" cried Rawalsk, clapping his hands with joy; "you would not do it, to save them from the French. You love your sheep, but I hate the French. Death, death to the French!"

Raumann had not heard the half of this. He had sped to the sheep-stalls, and, at the risk of his life, opened the doors and called the frightened creatures. Some followed his well-known call, but others were too benumbed by fright, and he had to leave them to their fate.

As he turned to flee from the terrible heat he looked toward Alexandrowka, and saw it in flames, and the steady tramp of thousands of armed men proved that the enemy would in a few minutes be in view. He looked for Rawalsk, but he was not to be seen, then ran to his cottage to see that his family had escaped, and found it crowded with French soldiers.

CHAPTER VII.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

ONLY that morning Herr Raumann had been the happy possessor of a good wife, loving and obedient children, a comfortable home, and other property about him. War had robbed him of all, and with it his freedom, for the French had taken him prisoner. His warm, comfortable clothes had been taken from him by one of the soldiers, and a worn, ragged suit given him, so his appearance was much changed. He had been hurried along by the army, and was faint from weariness and hunger. His employer's estate could not have been recognized; the buildings in ruins, the fields and trees blackened from fire, the animals destroyed, the inhabitants fled, no one knew whither.

The army at length came to a halt to cook the sheep they had secured on the count's estate, and Raumann sat down upon a rock and looked about him. Far and near were

groups of soldiers resting, some jesting, others in no humor for it. It seemed days to Raumann since he had left his cottage, so bewildered and benumbed was his brain over the great change from his peaceful manner of living.

The honor of being in the company of the great Napoleon could not compensate Raumann for his losses; and as he looked upon the man of whom he had heard so much, scanned the straight features, the broad forehead, the searching eyes, he wondered what were the thoughts in the scheming brain of the man who with pale face looked dreamily toward the ruins of Moscow in the distance.

"It is much easier to tear down than to build," thought Herr Raumann, "easier to destroy than to create. To not one of those poor sheep even can the great Bonaparte give the breath of life; to kill is the most that he can do."

At that moment a soldier came toward him, and giving him a knock with his bayonet spoke in broken Russian, but which Raumann managed to understand.

"See here, man, we have killed twenty of the sheep and have them in the kettles over

the fires. Why don't you stir about and find something for the remaining ones to eat?"

Glad of the chance to do something for the poor animals, the shepherd rose immediately and calling the sheep together he gathered wisps of hay, and any other food that they would eat, all the time talking to them in his soothing voice. He seemed to regain something of his old cheerfulness as the affectionate animals crowded about him; and in spite of his anxiety for his home and loved ones Herr Raumann began to feel the pangs of hunger, and longed for some of the meat boiling and bubbling in the great kettles. Groups of soldiers were scattered thickly about them, waiting impatiently for the moment when the cooks would give them the word that it was sufficiently cooked to be eatable.

At length the welcome summons came and there was a scramble and rush; and the shepherd saw he would be overlooked unless he made an effort for himself.

He made his way to one of the kettles, and near it saw two of the sheep-skins lying upon the ground and asked for them, saying he was cold.

"I thought Russians never felt the cold," remarked one of the soldiers, "but you can have the skins."

"I am no Russian," replied the shepherd, "I came from Saxony."

"From Saxony! Comrade, give me your hand! You shall have something to eat;" and thrusting the point of his bayonet in the kettle he took out a large piece and presented it to the shepherd.

Raumann took it, tossing it from one cold hand to the other until he reached the trunk of a fallen tree, where he sat down, and with his pocket-knife, which the soldier who robbed him of his clothes had been generous enough to leave with him, having one of his own, he cut it in two.

Near him was a group of about one hundred men, whom he recognized as Russians, and prisoners of war; hungry, homeless, and miserable.

Raumann was about to eat, when his attention was attracted to one of them, whose eyes were cast to the ground; he was motionless, the very picture of despair. He was hatless

and shoeless, clothed in rags, and as his bowed head exposed his neck to view, the shepherd noticed that it was white and smooth, as though its owner had never been exposed to any inclemencies of weather.

"Merciful heaven, it is Count Boutnieff, my honored master!" cried Raumann, and rising hastily he went to speak to him.

"Oh, gracious Herr Count!" said he, in a tone of the tenderest sympathy, "have you, too, fallen into the hands of the French? Are you hungry? Here, take my piece of meat, both pieces. And here is a sheep-skin," continued he, taking it from his shoulders, "it is from your own herd, gracious Herr, therefore you have the best right to it."

The count looked up in his face in surprise.

"Who are you," said he, "how is it you know me?"

"Gracious Herr, I am Raumann, your shepherd. No wonder you do not know me in these French soldiers' clothes; one of the men took my warm ones and put these rags upon me."

"How came you here, are you in league with the enemy?"

"No, only as they forced me. I wish I could have stayed in my comfortable home, near Alexandrowka, with my wife and children, and my sheep. I am a prisoner, like yourself."

"Why do they take you? You have not been a soldier since coming to Russia?"

"They dragged me with them, because the sheep would follow me, and they would not have the trouble of driving them."

"The sheep! Whose sheep?"

"Yours, Herr Count. The greater part of them were burned to death, but some were saved, and they are eating them. They gave me this meat. Take it, dear Herr Count, I will do without—I——"

"Out of my sight, you traitor!" cried the count, in a tempest of rage. "You did not obey my orders; you are in league with the enemies of Russia."

The shepherd stood with open mouth, gazing at the count in astonishment.

"Did I not command you to set fire to the

stacks and destroy the sheep with your own hands, rather than let them go to feed the enemies of my country? I believed you to be a traitor to the country that has given you a good home, and now I am sure of it. Out of my sight before I fell you to the earth!"

Raumann stepped back quickly, dropping the meat, which was seized and devoured ravenously by a hungry and less embittered Russian.

"Could anybody believe that a man half-starved, as he is, would scorn to take food?" thought Raumann, as he returned to his place. "He should know that it was not to aid the French, but because my heart bled for the innocent sheep, that I let them out, hoping they would run to the woods and not be found by the enemy. He would not give me time to explain."

Night came on, and the shepherd's hunger was allayed by sleep, which was rendered comparatively comfortable by the help of the sheep-skins, while Count Boutnieff never closed his eyes, but in sullen and despairing pride brooded over his losses and his hatred of the French.

The next day he saw the rest of the sheep slaughtered, and Raumann was thus left without employment; but he was a prisoner of war, and they would not let him go, fearing that he would betray the strength of the French army to the Russians.

The poor prisoners fared badly, for there was but little preparation made for the campaign in regard to provisions, the invaders depending upon what they could take from the inhabitants; but as many owners of property preferred destroying it to having it fall into the hands of the French, the soldiers were often suffering from hunger, and had no food to spare for prisoners, who after a time became too weak and ill to walk, and many of them were left by the roadside to die.

Thus it happened that Raumann, who, not being an important prisoner, was allowed to be with the stragglers at the rear of the army, stepped upon a Russian prisoner who had sunk down from exhaustion. It was a mystery to the shepherd how he had escaped death from the hoofs of the horses, and his glance of sympathy was the only one cast upon the

prostrate man, who, bruised, bleeding, and covered with the dust of the road, lay unconscious. Raumann picked him up, and half carried, half dragged him to the side of the road, and when his face was exposed to view, found it to be that of Count Boutnieff.

Oh! the great change that war had brought to the handsome and distinguished courtier! Gone were the richly gold-laced robes; gone the costly insignia of the many orders that once crossed his proud breast! He, the noble gentleman, the wealthy land-owner, the kind and generous employer, was in a worse condition than had ever been the meanest hireling upon his estates, and Raumann's heart ached for him in his misfortunes. He was bending over the sick man, when a bullet from the gun of a French soldier grazed his cheek. It was a mere scratch, but Raumann had presence of mind to drop down as though mortally wounded.

"There is one less to feed in the world," said the Frenchman to himself, as they marched on, for they had called to Raumann to come back, and he had not heeded.

It was with intense joy that Raumann realized

that he was free, but he laid perfectly still until they were out of sight, and then arose to wait upon the count. He rejoiced that he had kept the bottle of water dropped by one of the soldiers, and now applied some of it to the parched lips of the sick man, who drank eagerly. Emboldened by this, Raumann wrapped the skeep-skins about him, and then looked about for more comfortable quarters than the hard and cold ground. He remembered that an ammunition wagon had lost a wheel a short distance back, and was abandoned. With much struggling and hard work, in his weak condition he succeeded in dragging it to one side, then came and carried the count and placed him within upon a bed of leaves he had provided. This done, he searched about, hoping to find something to eat, but without success; and he resolved to walk a mile or more back, where a horse had been left to die, having been too wounded to travel farther. He took with him a tin can, found in the road, and reaching the spot, found the horse dead, and, with his pocket-knife, cut out a quantity of the best pieces, filled his can, and carried an

armful back to the wagon. He was glad they were near a running brook, that he might have water to extinguish his fire in case of surprise. He soon had a clear flame, and placing over it his can with some water and the meat chipped in small pieces for soup for the count, he held a piece over the blaze to broil for himself.

In former days he never thought the time would come when he could force himself to eat such food, but hunger knows no law; and before it was more than half cooked he ate it, and thanked God that, through it, he would not die of starvation. He took the soup from the fire as soon as it was at all fit to eat, cooled it, and gave some to the count, who took it eagerly; then he crawled into the wagon, and, lying down beside him, they both slept until morning.

Four days and nights Raumann waited faithfully upon the count, and, save for his anxiety for his family, was not so miserable as one might suppose, for he was doing the duty nearest his hand, and had faith that God would open a way for him to return to his loved ones.

On the afternoon of the fifth day they were

out of food, and Raumann left the count to search the woods in hope of finding something they could eat. He walked some distance, but found nothing, and, weary and discouraged, was about returning, when he heard the measured tramp of soldiers. He withdrew into a place of concealment until they passed, and when he reached the wagon, after several hours' absence, he found it empty; the count had disappeared. The shepherd stood for some time in dumb surprise, and then bent his steps to Alexandrowka.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNING GOOD FOR EVIL.

NAPOLEON and his army remained for several weeks in the once beautiful city of Moscow, and then beat a retreat; the strong measures of the governor having saved the Russian Empire by depriving him of resources.

Suffering hunger and privation of every kind, in the bitter cold of a Russian winter, they set out for France, the infuriated Cossacks following, and killing and wounding as many as they could all the way to Poland.

On their route was the deserted abbey of Kolotskoi, and many of the wounded were placed in wagons to be left there, surgeons being present to dress their wounds.

"Here, Wagoner!" cried an officer riding back and reining up near a substantial wagon in which sat a rough-looking German; "there is a young officer lying wounded a piece further on; hurry up and take him to the abbey."

The man obeyed, but without evincing any good will in the matter, and as soon as the officer rode away he resumed his former gait until reaching the wounded one. "Oh! good Melchor, is it you?" said a weak voice, "how thankful I am that I am to be in your wagon. Oh! that we were back in our dear home in Germany, where my father would richly reward you for your care of me."

Melchor, who had been pressed into the service of an officer who had been killed, was now his own man, and was thinking more of the valuables he had taken from the wounded and dead upon the battle-field than to prospective riches.

"Truly, Herr Baron Baldwin, you have a better memory than I, for had you not spoken I would not have known you. Yes, yes, the times have changed, and you are not so proud and high-spirited as you once were. I hear your promises, but know well how much to depend on rich people's words Take your hand from the wheel of my wagon, or you will be sorry for it. Good-day, Herr Baron, tell your father I have not forgotten the

time he broke his cane over my back; and you are faring better than you deserve, that I do not finish you;" and touching whip to the horse he drove away.

"Oh! heavenly Father, I am forsaken!" moaned the poor boy. "I am left here to die in the bitter cold."

The wagon of Melchor had gone but a short distance when another drove rapidly up, and Baldwin hoped that some one had come for him, or that Melchor had repented of his cruelty and returned. Instead, the two wounded soldiers it contained were thrown out, and fell heavily upon the frozen ground, and the wagoner drove away.

Baldwin saw how hopeless was his chance for relief, and sank into unconsciousness; and when he again realized where he was, it was growing dark. He thought in that bitter moment of his home, which at that hour was bright with light and warmth.

He could, in memory, see his mother pouring the tea from the silver urn, see his father and sister, and wondered if they could imagine the desperate condition in which he was placed.

"O mother, dear mother, I shall never see you again!" he cried, in an abandonment of despair.

"Baldwin! Cousin Baldwin!" said a weak voice at his side, "have we been thrown here to die together?"

"O Benno!" cried the young baron, joyfully, "what happiness it is to hear your voice. But are you wounded, Benno?"

"Yes, below the knee, so that I cannot walk, and the wretches hurt me dreadfully in throwing me from the wagon; my companion I think is dead; he has not moved since being thrown upon the hard ground."

"But, dear Benno, there is no help for us. I am wounded in the side, and when I move it bleeds. If we were only in the abbey our wounds could be dressed, but we can never reach there."

"You must be helped, Baldwin, you have much to live for. I have no mother, no father, no sister, no home; if I die there will be but few to grieve for me; but you must be saved if possible."

"But it is not possible, dear Benno, for you

see that we are neglected here, although we are lieutenants."

"Baldwin, do you remember when we were children, and afterwards at the military school, I carried you on my back to prove that I was so much the stronger? Now I am determined that you shall reach the abbey, so will crawl there upon my hands and knees, and with you upon my back."

"O Benno, and with your wounded leg?"

"It will stand the chance of being dressed there; here we have nothing to look forward to but death."

"But I shall never be able to mount to your back, Benno, even if willing to burden one so wounded."

"Oh, yes you will, just think that it is the only chance for life, and home, and mother. Now rouse yourself, Baldwin, see, I am on my hands and knees waiting for you."

In a few minutes, though causing himself much suffering, Baldwin had mounted, and clasped his arms about his cousin's neck, who with slow and painful effort dragged his burden toward the abbey, halting many times to rest.

"O Benno, this is too cruel in me to let you drag your wounded leg over the hard ground," said Baldwin.

"But think, cousin, I am saving myself as well as you. It is little enough to do in return for the kindness your father and mother have given me; I was always welcome, and when at the castle forgot that I was an orphan. Cheer up, dear Baldwin, we will live to see the castle a blaze of light in rejoicings over our return."

"I believe it," cried Baldwin, joyously, "for there are lights in the abbey, we are almost there."

Slowly and painfully the balance of the journey was made, and they reached a comfortable corner of the abbey and sank down exhausted, and in spite of their anxiety to call the attention of a surgeon, fell asleep.

How long they slept they knew not, nor did they know whether it were night or morning when the low, and it seemed to them joyous, barking of a dog awoke them.

A short distance from them stood a well-grown boy of fourteen or thereabouts, and near

him a dog, both attentively observing the wounded lieutenants.

"Our time has come," said Baldwin in a low tone, although he did not imagine the boy understood, "he is a Russian, and will have no mercy."

"I am no Russian, but a German," said the voice, "though I have lived here for more than two years; who are you?"

"We are officers, are wounded, and come from Saxony; if you will help us, you shall be well rewarded."

"From Saxony!" cried the boy, joyfully, "I, too, came from Saxony, and will gladly help a countryman; it seems that Cairo must have known you were Germans, he seemed so glad."

"Cairo!" exclaimed Benno, with tears of joy in his eyes. "I knew a dog named Cairo in dear old Saxony; he belonged to a shepherd on the estate of the Baron von Brune."

"It was my uncle Hans Raumann's dog," cried the boy, joyfully, "he helped me watch the baron's sheep. Who are you?"

Baldwin turned almost sick from remorse as he saw in the one who had promised to help

them the boy whom he had cut cruelly with his whip for defending his dog, and had helped to imprison in the lock-up.

'Praise be to God for his goodness!" exclaimed Benno. "I know you will help us. I am Benno von Cosman, and this is ———."

Baldwin grasped his hand and pressed it in token of silence, but Benno continued:

"This is my cousin, the young Baron von Brune, who, I am sure, sincerely repents of his treatment of you."

"Let bygones be bygones, we have all need of forgiveness," said Bernard, simply. "I will do all I can to help you; but first, eat this food which I brought for my Uncle Raumann; but I cannot find him, though I have searched the abbey through."

"Your uncle, Herr Raumann, why would you look for him here?" said Baldwin, as both the young officers ate eagerly of the good food.

"He was taken prisoner by the French; and we did not know but that on the march from Moscow he had been wounded by the Cossacks, and my aunt is so anxious that she begged me to follow and try to find him. He is not on the

road nor here, so must have gone with them to France."

"And Frau Raumann and the children, where are they?" inquired Baldwin.

"In our own cottage, which the French did not think worth the trouble of destroying. We all hid in a cave in the woods until the army had passed out of sight, and have plenty to eat and to wear, for we filled one of the grain pits in expectation of their coming. You shall share all we have, and have a good room in the cottage, of that I am sure."

"O! Bernard, you are returning good for evil; I shall never forget this lesson," said Baldwin, humbly.

"We have two horses outside, one of them being intended for Uncle Raumann; I will have them taken to a secluded spot back of the abbey, and Umaroff and I will come and carry you out and place you upon them," saying which Bernard disappeared, commanding Cairo to remain with the wounded ones.

In a few minutes he returned, and with the help of the strong and willing Umaroff, Baldwin was carried out and placed upon one of

the gentle animals, and then they returned for Benno.

"Now, Umaroff, hold Herr Baron Baldwin to his place, and you will add to your goodness if you will take off your coat and wrap it about him, as I am doing for Herr Benno; we shall be warm enough walking," and suiting the action to the word he removed his coat and put it about the shivering Benno.

"You brought a blanket to me once," said he in a low tone, as Benno begged him not to rob himself of the garment.

Umaroff had followed Bernard's example, and they then set out for the cottage, which they reached weary and exhausted; and Frau Raumann's anxiety was somewhat lightened when she found that neither of the wounded men was her husband.

The best that the cottage afforded was at their service, and a surgeon was soon on hand to dress their wounds, while Bernard was their faithful attendant night and day.

In the meantime Napoleon had left the country, and it was safe to send a trusty messenger to Saxony to inform Baron von Brune

of the place of sojourn of his son and Benno. That messenger was Umaroff, and he carried long and affectionate letters to the anxious parents at the castle, detailing every incident of their escape from death, and giving all the credit, under God's kind guidance, to Bernard and Frau Raumann.

One morning, a few days after the messenger departed, a ragged, foot-sore and miserable looking man opened the door of the Raumann cottage. For a moment there was silence, then exclamations of deep joy as wife and children clustered about the husband and father.

No questions were asked until a hot bowl of soup, prepared for the wounded ones, was given him, and his face and hands bathed with fresh water as he sat in a comfortable chair by the hearth.

Then he told them of Count Boutnieff, and of his disappearance, no doubt he being again taken prisoner by the French, of his surprise and anxiety upon his return from searching for food to find the wagon empty, and his setting out for Alexandrowka. On his way he was

overtaken by French soldiers and carried back to Moscow, and when Napoleon and his army left there he was taken with them.

The same night that Bernard was at the abbey he entered it, but after Bernard had made the tour of it in search of him, and in this way had missed him; and there he had been ever since, waiting upon the wounded and dying, for he had not the heart to leave them.

In time Umaroff returned, and with him a comfortable equipage in which the young lieutenants were to journey back to Saxony when able for the venture.

Every comfort that could be crowded into it, the happy mother had placed there; and better than all were the letters written to the young men and to Herr Raumann.

With hearts filled with deep gratitude they had written to Herr Raumann to return to Saxony, and take again the place of shepherd upon the baron's estate at a good salary, and with every advantage which the baron could bestow upon him and his family, among other things offering the chance for a good education

to Bernard. Money was sent with the letters, more than sufficient to pay all expenses of the removal.

This was joyful news to the Raumann family. They were to leave desolation behind them and return to their beloved Saxony, and grateful thanks were offered for their innumerable blessings at the family altar that night for God's goodness to them.

With the happy return home in view, the young officers improved rapidly, and in a short time were able to bear the journey, and with glad hearts all set out for Saxony.

Their sojourn in the humble home of the shepherd was not without its influence for good; their hearts were turned to the Saviour, and they became earnest, useful Christians, faithful workers in the Master's vineyard.

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